

# BOY AND GIRL DEAD IN HOTEL TRAGEDY

## Shift of Barnes Vote Elects Sweet as Speaker

FINAL EDITION

The

Evening

World.

FINAL EDITION

WEATHER—Cloudy to-night and Thursday.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

"Circulation Books Open to All."

WEATHER—Cloudy to-night and Thursday.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914.

20 PAGES

PRICE ONE CENT.

### SWEET IS CHOSEN SPEAKER BY AID OF BARNES'S MEN; INSISTS HE IS UNBOSSSED

Republican Assemblymen Who Had Supported Hinman Shift Votes to His Rival—Big Fight Over the Assembly Rules Follows.

By Samuel M. Williams.

(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

ALBANY, Jan. 7.—The unbossed Legislature dragged itself half aimlessly into an organization this afternoon by electing Thaddeus S. Sweet of Oswego County as Speaker and then began struggling over radical changes in the rules.

The vote for Speaker was: Thaddeus C. Sweet (Republican), 81; Alfred E. Smith (Democrat), 44; Michael Schaap (Progressive), 19. Sulzer voted for Schaap.

William Sulzer, deposed Governor—now Assemblyman—sat quietly in his assigned chair almost alone and neglected. Many looked at him, but few went near him. He appeared a lonely figure, shunned by the Progressives, on whose ticket he was elected; avoided by the Democrats, who made and unmade him Governor, and regarded by Republicans as a mere spectacle.

Although the Republicans elected their man speaker there was no clearly defined party or even factional majority in any camp. It needed the semi-Progressives or irregular Republicans to help out the regulars. Barnes and Hinman, his opponents in the party, were beaten, but the Barnes men crowded, too, because it was their vote—deliberately thrown to Sweet as the most available compromise—that elected him. In fact everybody was happy and each side claimed victory.

BULL MOOSERS ALONE SEEMED TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

Only the Bull Moosers seemed to be a little behind. They had hoped to capture control through ally formed coalitions and combinations with Democrats and radical Republicans, but the plan failed.

There was long debate over the new Assembly rules urged by Progressives of all stripes. Their plan to strip the speaker of power to name committees failed to win much support, but there was agreement over stripping the Rules Committee of its autocratic power over legislation. Each committee is to have independent right to report its own measures without waiting for permission of the Rules Committee. There are many provisions governing open hearings in committees to insure careful consideration of all measures.

The old-timers said these changes would mean a moving legislative machinery and sessions dragged out for many months.

While the unwieldy, unled Assembly was trying to mould itself into form the Senate renewed its regular sessions and listened to the reading of Gov. Glynn's farewell message urging economy and radical retrenchment in State expenditures.

Called it a conference, not a caucus.

The meeting of Republican Assemblymen last night was not a caucus, but a conference that wrangled and voted from 8 o'clock till almost daylight. Everybody was particular to emphasize this distinction so as to indicate that the rule of bosses was ended and that old-fashioned King Caucus had been dethroned. Nobody was bound or tied to anything or any proposition.

There were five real candidates for Speaker and two fillers. The most formidable at the start was Harold J. Hinman of Albany, protégé of William Barnes, the half-dethroned Republican boss.

He led with twenty votes; Mr. Sweet had fourteen; Almon W. Hoff, of Brooklyn, thirteen; Clinton T. Horton of Buffalo, thirteen; and Alexander MacDonald of Franklin County, eight. The two added starters, for Assemblymen who did not wish to ally with any of the leaders, were John L. Sullivan of Oneida County and Morrell E. Talbot of Madison County. These received two votes each. The candidates refrained from voting excepting Mr. Talbot, who did not consider himself a candidate and voted persistently for his friend Sweet.

For half the night the battling showed only slight changes. Finally it became apparent to the old Barnes machine men behind Hinman that their candidate had no chance, and that their

### SLIDES FOR HIS LIFE ON TELEPHONE WIRE FROM BURNING LOFT

Other Workmen in "Swamp" Fire Dash Past Flames Down a Hot-Escape.

ALL JUMP ONE STORY.

Broken Foot the Worst That Happened, but Every One Was Singed.

A dash down a fire escape past flaming windows and then a leap of fifteen feet to the sidewalk was the one chance the workmen who were caught in a burning building at No. 23 Ferry street had to get out with their lives to-day. The men took it and had most of their hair singed off and their hands burned. One of them broke some of the small bones in his foot. One man slid down a telephone wire from the third floor and the wire broke when he was about ten feet from the pavement, but he was not injured. The damage to the building amounted to \$10,000. In a pair of trousers one of the workmen had to leave behind him \$5.00 was burned up. The pocket holding the money was the only part of the trousers that burned.

The building in which the fire occurred is in the leather district known as "The Swamp" and is at the corner of Jacob street. It is an old fashioned four-story and mansard structure of which J. Sokol, a dealer in fancy leathers, occupies the first three floors. The fourth and garret are used by Knut Cronholm, a currier, or dresser of leather. The flames, starting on the second floor, spread so rapidly that several of Sokol's workmen were for a time trapped.

Cronholm managed to get down the stairway, but one of his men was caught aloft. He was Austin Cannon of No. 109 Van Hooken avenue, and he made a dash for the fire escape on the Jacob street side of the building and scuttled down past the fire-filled windows, losing his hair and burning his hands. When he got to the second floor he jumped and Domenico Parente, who works at No. 275 Water street, tried to catch him with the result that both fell and the bones in Cannon's left foot were broken.

The man who slid down the telephone wire was Michael Bartow, who worked for Sokol. He preferred to trust to the wire rather than the blazing fire escape. His hands were burned by the wire, but he was not otherwise hurt.

The employees of Sokol, who had to race for their lives down the hot fire escape, were Jacob Weiner of No. 44 Monroe street; Samuel Kline, of No. 446 Hindsdale avenue, Brooklyn; Samuel Weintraub, of No. 109 South Fourth street, Brooklyn; and Jacob Friedlander of No. 88 East One Hundred and Sixty-second street. All of them had to make the leap from the second floor level, a distance of about fifteen feet, and all had their hair singed and their hands burned.

When the fire was under control, after the sending in of a second alarm, the arrival of Chief Kenon, Friedlander begged to go back to the fourth floor to look for his trousers and his \$5.00. The firemen let him do it and he returned in dismay, the pocket having been burned to a ragged hole.

All of the singed and burned were treated at St. Gregory's Hospital, which is nearby. Falling glass out the foot of Lieut. Edward Glynn of Engine Company No. 12.

WOMEN SHUT THEIR EYES, AFRAID TO LOOK ON.

In front of No. 443 Brook avenue a delivery wagon was backed up against the sidewalk, with the wheels cramped on a half turn so that the horse attached stood out of the path of the swinging, swaying and rattling horse wagon. The wheels of the tender struck the forward wheel of the delivery wagon, sending crates flying over the sidewalk. Women cried aloud and shut their eyes from what seemed the certain death of the firemen.

But Bergh, his face white as a sheet, clung to the dashboard and never relaxed his hold on Burns. His teeth were set and his eyes opened wide as the powerful fire team took a fresh start and continued its mad dash. Men rushed out in front of the horses, waved their hats and their hands, but they had to get out of danger's way.

The screams, the shouts and the yells of the people and the clatter of the wagon finally reached the ears of Company Captain Frank Gillespie, who was on the engine ahead. He ordered the engine stopped and sprang to the street. A thousand people looked at him wonderingly as he advanced with determination in the face of the maddened runaway.

EXPECTED TO SEE BRAVE FIRE CAPTAIN TRAMPLED.

The coal black beasts with their burnished harness, their fine quivers in the air, their distended nostrils quivering and their backs covered with foam came on unheeded, the two men swaying on the pole as Capt. Gillespie sprang at their heads.

More than a thousand pairs of eyes were shut. Shrieks went up while some held their breaths, but the expected did not happen. The plucky captain had a hand on each bit and was under the horses' feet. He wrenched the bits, he tugged and yanked at them. The horses dragged him ten feet, but he swung them into the curb. Then willing hands went to his aid.

Hundreds were following in the chase. The horses were led back to the stable.

### GRABS FIRE HORSES, SAVING COMRADES, IN WILD RUNAWAY

Hosecart Driver and Helper on Pole When Captain Jumps at Horses' Heads.

WOMEN SHRIEK IN FEAR.

Thousands Witness the Peril of Two Firemen Thrown Out and Their Rescuer.

Engine Company No. 41, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Morris avenue, was one of the companies to respond to an alarm of fire in the air-shaft of a five-story tenement at No. 345 Brook avenue shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon. Engine and hose cart were going through One Hundred and Forty-sixth street when the horses of the hose cart became unmanageable and Driver Frank Burns was powerless. Fireman Thomas Berghin crawled up to the seat, and, taking one of the lines, added his strength to the attempt to pull them up. The engine rounded the corner, going into Brook avenue all right, but the wheels of the hose cart jumped the curb. Driver Burns was knocked from his seat and fell on his stomach on the pole between the horses. Berghin fell on top of him. The other firemen on the cart jumped or were thrown out. The horses ran away.

DESPERATE POSITION OF TWO MEN IN RUNAWAY.

In falling Berghin clutched the dashboard. With his disengaged arm he grasped Burns around the waist. The horses, thoroughly frightened by the shock of the dragging men on the pole, took their bits in their teeth and sped down Brook avenue at a breakneck pace. Berghin braced himself and took a better hold on his companion as the wagon careened like a ship at sea.

A slip from the pole meant death beneath the iron shod heels of the maddened animals.

The block was crowded with vehicles going in both directions, and others backed up against the curb. Women ran screaming on the sidewalks, dragging their children with them. Women threw open their windows in the houses lining the sidewalks. At the sight of the position of the two firemen they screamed and shouted for help for them.

WOMEN SHUT THEIR EYES, AFRAID TO LOOK ON.

In front of No. 443 Brook avenue a delivery wagon was backed up against the sidewalk, with the wheels cramped on a half turn so that the horse attached stood out of the path of the swinging, swaying and rattling horse wagon. The wheels of the tender struck the forward wheel of the delivery wagon, sending crates flying over the sidewalk. Women cried aloud and shut their eyes from what seemed the certain death of the firemen.

But Bergh, his face white as a sheet, clung to the dashboard and never relaxed his hold on Burns. His teeth were set and his eyes opened wide as the powerful fire team took a fresh start and continued its mad dash. Men rushed out in front of the horses, waved their hats and their hands, but they had to get out of danger's way.

The screams, the shouts and the yells of the people and the clatter of the wagon finally reached the ears of Company Captain Frank Gillespie, who was on the engine ahead. He ordered the engine stopped and sprang to the street. A thousand people looked at him wonderingly as he advanced with determination in the face of the maddened runaway.

EXPECTED TO SEE BRAVE FIRE CAPTAIN TRAMPLED.

The coal black beasts with their burnished harness, their fine quivers in the air, their distended nostrils quivering and their backs covered with foam came on unheeded, the two men swaying on the pole as Capt. Gillespie sprang at their heads.

More than a thousand pairs of eyes were shut. Shrieks went up while some held their breaths, but the expected did not happen. The plucky captain had a hand on each bit and was under the horses' feet. He wrenched the bits, he tugged and yanked at them. The horses dragged him ten feet, but he swung them into the curb. Then willing hands went to his aid.

Hundreds were following in the chase. The horses were led back to the stable.

### Pretty Wife P. C. Knox Jr. Left At Home When He Sailed Away



P. C. KNOX JR.

### BIG CROWDS FORCE HALT IN JOB GIVING AT FORD'S PLANT

Outsiders Join in the Rush at Detroit and "No Work To-Day" Sign Is Out.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 7.—Drawn here by the announcement of the \$10,000,000 profit sharing plan of the Ford Motor Company, thousands of unemployed persons from cities throughout the Middle West began arriving in Detroit to-day, all anxious to wield a broom in the Ford plant at a minimum salary of \$5 for an eight hour day.

The outsiders joined the army of surging thousands that again to-day camped in front of the Ford company's gates in Highland Park and shared their disappointment when company officials ordered the "no work to-day" sign displayed.

Fearing that if any jobs were given out the unsuccessful seekers for work would crush through the factory doors and cause a riot, the police advised the Ford officials to withhold all jobs for at least a week until the general unrest in local labor circles had quieted to some extent.

The offices of the company to-day were almost swamped under a flood of messages from all sections of the world congratulating Henry Ford, head of the concern, upon the inauguration of the most gigantic profit sharing scheme ever attempted. Many great factory heads wired requests for detailed information relative to the working of the plan.

The hosecart were among the first to come up. They lifted their comrades from their dangerous perch. The poor fellows were badly used up. Both were suffering from the shock. Brave Berghin was covered with bruises. Still both refused medical treatment and were sent to their homes and given sick leave.

The fire for which the alarm had been turned in had been in the mean time extinguished by the tenants of the house.

### KILLS GIRL HE LOVED, THEN ENDS OWN LIFE IN HIS VICTIM'S ARMS

Jac Petersen Jr. and Rose Smith Found Shot in Room of Hotel Belmore; Romance Interrupted by a Father's Wrath.

### NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY.

Employer Says Boy Was Barred From Girl's Home for Keeping Her Out Late.

Jac Petersen Jr. and Miss Rose A. Smith, neither of them yet twenty years old, whose love affair came to a sudden end on New Year's Day, when the girl's father forbade the boy the house, went to the Hotel Belmore, Lexington avenue and Twenty-fifth street, yesterday, and there, some time in the night, died in each other's arms, the girl shot by the boy who then turned his pistol against his own temple.

They were found this afternoon when a chambermaid who had tried all the morning to get into the room notified the management and had the door forced.

The youngsters lay on the floor. They were fully dressed. The girl was shot through the left eye, the boy through the right temple. His right hand still clutched the new revolver from which he had fired the shots.

Petersen was identified by Manager Treasider of the American Gas Reduction Company of No. 123 East Twenty-third street, where the boy had worked as a bookkeeper for three years. A signet ring with the initials "J. A." which Mr. Treasider recognized as a gift which Petersen had made of Christmas time to Miss Smith served to identify the girl.

BOY WAS CRAZY ABOUT THE GIRL.

The manager did not know where the girl lived, but he knew of her through hearing Petersen speak of her.

"The boy was absolutely crazy about her," said he. "Why, for a year he has talked of nothing else except his approaching marriage. She was all he lived for. He gave her that little ring at Christmas, for he showed it to me in the office before he presented it."

"We had no idea, of course, that he contemplated anything like suicide, though we knew that for the last month he had been almost insane with worry. You see, on New Year's Eve he took Miss Smith out to see the sights, and they were very late getting home. There was nothing wrong with the boy nor with the girl. I am positive. They were just a pair of children and I suppose they were just a bit tired of the time, but it was very bad when they got home and I understood that the girl's father was very angry."

"At any rate I know that when Petersen called there the next day when the girl was going to have a party she met him at the door and told him her father didn't want him to come in the house. It drove poor Petersen nearly out of his head. Why, he could hardly work for the next few days, but we thought he was getting over it now."

TOOK GIRL TO HOTEL AT LUNCH HOUR.

It was 1:35 P. M. yesterday when the boy and girl registered at the hotel, and when his business friends were told of this one of them exclaimed: "Why, Pete must have taken the girl there in his lunch hour, for he certainly came back here and worked on the afternoon."

"That apparently was what the boy did. How he met his sweetheart and arranged with her to die together no one seems to know, but meet her he did and after he had installed her in the room he returned to his work, apparently hurrying straight back to the hotel after hours."

About 7 o'clock they telephoned to the office and had dinner sent to their room and two hours later they ordered some beer. That was the last that was heard from them, and the waiter who served the beer was the last one who saw them alive.

It was 2:30 P. M. and 2 o'clock

WORLD WANTS WORK WONDERS